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WASHINGTON, D. C.

THEMES FOR THE POET:

A Poem. delivered before the House of Convocation of Trinity College, Hartford. By Rev. Dr. C. M. Butler, Rector of Trinity Church, Washington.

This is really a very charming Poem, and admirably sets forth the themes for the muse in this age of Steam, of Railroads, and of Morse's Lightning Telegraph. He speaks of the days of Grecian Mythology and the Pastorals of the past century, as themes now effete.

We quote from the 8th page:

Such cultivation: I must wait, he thought; were generally in poetry, and were often realisment to come, and meanwhile I must be economical, and lay up money against the time when it will be required.

In Grace herself he had good materials to work upon. She was fond of study she was from one so distinguished was considered. We quote from the 8th page:

To sing of Jove and Juno, Pallas, Mars,
To tell the story of their loves and wars;
Or e'en of Cupid, with his bow and string.
Were but a cold cloud to our breast to bring.
When wafted back with those who sang and saw
Those shapes of beauty, grandeur, grace, and awe,
Then, beneath genius' mesmorizing spoll,
We, too, in cheated dream, with them may dwell;
But when those shapes we summon on the stage. We, too, in cheated dream, with them hay accu-but when those shapes we summon on the stage, In the broad daylight of our glaring age, Not e'en the vivid picture-work of Keats, Nor Shelley's wild and wondrous fancy feats, Nor Shelley, and speak Can make those shadows pause, and live, and speak To minds and hearts. They only flit and squeak.

In sweet Areadian vales and flowery meads, Where hapless Corydon Chioe pleads,
Where murmuring streams, in pensive concord flow
With his pipe's tedious and melodious woe,
There, where our gentle sires retired to weep,
There—if we go at all—we go—to sleep!

The following hit at the young gentlemen students, before whom this Poem was spoken | tion and self-adulation is difficult to draw, a as part of the auditory, is very clever. The Doctor is speaking of Love as a poet's theme : Why here are hearts-start not !- no names I tell-Why here are hearts—start not !—no names I tell In which whole unwrit Petrarch volumes dwell. I shrewdly guess, within yon classic walls, Whence duty's war its well-drilled conscript calls, Some agonizing student has essayed To rhyme a farewell to an obdurate maid. In vain—his collar down and hair uncombed— In vain—his collar down and hair uncombed—
Through mighty, melting adjectives he roamed.
How, in poor words, may ever be expressed
The word! liads struggling in his breast?
The half-writ sonnet fainted, died, and sunk,
And now lies buried in the young man's trunk.
Ah, fair one' smile on him! Indeed you should;
It had been written—if it only could!
These things are so, or else 'tis plain to me,
Things are not there as once they used to be!"

The following passage will be read with pleasure, and, coming from a true Churchman, it must wound no one in the Church, while those outside may smile at the hard hit administered to those whose love of the pristine ages of the Church fosters the belief that it is possible to restore the human mind to the status quo of fourteen centuries past and gone: The muse of satire-how she shouts and laughs! For rich the game is for her shining shafts

Through fashion's big and little butterflies
She goes to Newport and impales a few—
The game is plenty, but 'tis worthless too!
Then at a Fourier's Paradise she stops, And sees Professor Transcend—emptying slops And Mrs. Sky-fly, whose 'poem on the soul, Considered as a deep, world-holding hole,' Lies on the table to be finished, when Lies on the table to be finished, when
She shall have fed the piggy and the hen.
Loud laughs the muse, but lets no arrow fly,
The folly has not life enough to die.
Then to the spirit-rappers does she go.
To ask old kings and bards—'How do you do?'
To hear great Milton wretched rhyme indite,
And modest Washington poor bombast write.
Oh, wondrous Media! I do not believe
These summoned spirits rap, as you conceive;
For, as you make them such consummate fools,
If they could rap, I'm sure they'd rap your skulls.'
Then peeps the muse within the palace high. If they could rap, I m sure they a rap your Then peeps the muse within the palace high Where pills are ground, to purge humanity Of all disease and sln. No need for her The shafts of satire from their rest to stir: Their puffs are satires, subtle and refined, rinning in glee at credulous mankind! Then in the halls of art she glides to see to her lofty call art faithful be If to her lofty call art faithful be.
There, amid scenes of purity and love,
Which fill the heart, the moral purpose move.
She sees base panderings to sin and sense;
Vice veiled in beauty's seeming innocence; Lo parsons singing transcendental hymns, To the Greek Slave's shrinking, sentimental I Insisting loud that soul, heart, genius shows, Just in proportion as we wear few clothes; That God made coverings for the fallen pair, Only because of dampness in the air. Angry the look which on the group she bends, And to them all a mantua-maker sends. Then to the Church she takes her saddened way, To see men's follies as they praise and pray. She looks to find them in the sects and Rome, But not within our sober, holy home. Aweary now she turns from them away, And outers Church, to hear, and praise, and pray Searce has she passed within the outward porch, Before she asks—' Is this a Romish Church?' 'Oh, no' 'Doubtful, uneasy still she sits, And thinks she surely must have lost her wits: Enter Sir Rector—surplice covering o'er A coat like Grimes's, all buttoned down before; A lossil prince that stilling and come.

"The solemn service, by his mummings, made A very poor and pitiful parade; He gives a little homily to show How little good incessant preachings do; Tells them the Church by symbol's best can teach; That Hawks and Clark* cannot, like stained glass

preach; Bids them look round them, and, in awe, espy What splendid preachings now address the eye.

(But he forgets, in the mean time, to say
If arch and glass can preach, why can't they pray?

Oh, Reverend Fossil' it is strictly true—
The glass and chancel preach as well as you!"

* The Rev. F. L. Hawks, D. D., L. L. D., of New York. The Rev. T. M. Clark, D. D., of Hartford

For the National Bro. A STORY OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY CATHARINE LEDYARD.

CHAP. II. No language can be exaggerated which describes the affection of tender parents for an only child. It has all the devotion that the scribes the affection of tender parents for an only child. It has all the devotion that the lover yows, all the unselfishness in which the already a Judge on the bench." the only child of just such parents; her comfort, her enjoyment, had been the study of their lives. She was a warm-hearted little girl, very fond of her father, her mother, her playmates, and of every one else who showed her kind-But she had been much indulged; she knew her power over the two hearts whose chief joy she made, and used it whenever oc casion required. In short, she was quite a

ancommon; we have all seen such, have perhaps been such ourselves.

To the love which Edward Lindley had always felt for his child, was now added a pride in her ability. Caroline's course was very little altered by the discovery of the new talent, though she, too, thought it a very pleasant thing. Her care was, as heretofore, that Grace should be neatly and prettily dressed; that she should wear her overshoes in damp weather, and wrap up warmly on a winter's day; that she should not study too long in the evening, or injure her eyes by reading through the twi-Her plan was perhaps suitable enough to be pursued with so young a girl; but Edward did not think it so. He even felt a sight contempt of his wife's opinion, when he saw how very commonplace and prossic were

her to converse with fluency and correctness. An acquaintance with French, too, was desirable, and a thorough knowledge of housekeep-ing and plain sewing. Had Grace, in addition to this, loved her God, and read her Bible, it would have sufficed for the mother's fondest

Not so with the father; he intended that Grace should be a finished, perfect woman. Nothing like superficialness was to be tolerated in her; she must know thoroughly whatever she undertook to know. She was to be profound, as well as brilliant; not only highly accomplished, but also thoroughly well informed. The standard was a lofty one, but he believed that Grace had the ability to raise herself to it. The plain sewing and house-keeping formed no part of his arrangements; neither, it is to be feared, did the love of God and of religion. Lindley was not a Christian and human perfection was all that he aspired such cultivation? I must wait, he thought;

work upon. She was fond of study, she was also fond of praise. If her father expected her to be diligent in the one, he was lavish of the other. So she was drilled in knowledge all unsuited to her years; she was encouraged to write, in season and out of season. The fact that she was a genius was daily impressed upon her mind. Not that her father ever directly told her so; oh no! he would never have been guilty of such imprudence. She was made to know it, nevertheless, by the way in which he spoke to his friends of "Grace's progress," by the encouragement he gave to the efforts of her childish muse, and the way in which he urged her not to be content with what she had already achieved, but to aspire to something higher still. So she grew vain. She had a firm belief in her own talents, her own intellect-she overrated both. Who can blame her? The line between self-apprecia-

any age. Caroline, the good, plain, practical mother, looked with misgiving on her daughter's tri-umphs. She felt proud, it is true, that Grace was the first scholar of her class, and that she brought home medals and certificates of good standing without number; but she thought, naturally enough, that it would be much better for one of her years, to be engaged in play or healthful exercise, than to spend so many hours in study; she also began dimly to dis-cern that the love of applause was gaining that place in the young heart, which should be occupied by higher things. However, there was outwardly little of which to complain; Grace was affectionate and good-tempered; she was very apt, to be sure, to tease for her own way in everything, till she succeeded in get ting it; but all children do the same thing. As for her thinking too much of human, and to little of divine approval, the mother trusted that she would by-and-by see the mistake, and repent it. So matters took their course.

Grace is nearly fourteen, is she not?" ask ed Mr. Lindley of his wife, as they sat together one pleasant winter evening.
"Yes; next week Friday is her birthday." "So I thought. Well, my dear, it is about time for us to decide upon the school where

she is to finish her education. I know it will be hard to send her from us, but I think she ought to be in some place where there are better opportunities of instruction than we possess "Mrs. Allward told me a few days ago that they talked of sending their daughter away to

school," said Caroline. "I hope we may choose the same place, it will be so pleasant for Grace to have Fanny with her; they have always been such great friends. "Judge Allward and I had quite a long con-

versation about it, this very afternoon-Fanny is going to H- Seminary, and I think we may as well make up our minds to send Grace

"But I have always heard that it was so expensive! "Quite true-but it is decidedly the best school in the country," said Mr. Lindley.

"How much do you suppose the yearly cost would be?" asked Caroline.

"Let me see," returned her husband; "I made out a little estimate to-day." He took out his memorandum, and running over a formidable list of figures, announced the sum total to his astonished wife.

"Is it possible?" she said. "I had no idea it would be so much. "Why, my dear, I suppose that the actual cost, the bare price of tuition and board, would not amount to anything like the sum. But we must reckon the travelling expenses, and Grace's dress will be far more there than at

home; and she must have pocket money, too. She will be with Fanny Allward, whose father is so rich, you know. Poor Grace! she would feel very keenly any difference in their circum-

"Why expose her to the possibility of such mortification? Why not place her at some less expensive establishment?" "I will tell you why, my dear: it is

cause I have any foolish pride about sending her to the same place where rich people send their children—it is because H—— Seminary is incomparably superior to any other. Mrs -, the principal, is a highly-educated woman, of great conversational powers; Grace will derive much benefit, merely from their necessary association. Then, the masters in attendance are the best that can be procured. Altogether it is a desirable place. The expense is an objection, certainly," he added, as his countenance fell; "but I think we can bear even that, Carry. If we had a son, we should expect to send him to college, as a matter of course; now, Grace is surely as dear to us as any son could be."

"Certainly she is; but I do not see yet, Ed ward, where the money is to come from, even if we think it advisable to expend so much."

"I have enough on hand for the first year," said Mr. Lindley; "perhaps something will turn up before the second."

"There is one way in which we might save said Caroline, hesitatingly, "but I am half afraid

husband fails. Words that would be simply absurd if applied to any other human affection, speak but the truth of this. Grace was

"You doing the bulk of the work, mean while. I don't like the idea, Caroline; but l suppose we ought to be willing to make some sacrifices for our child's sake.

"We ought to be willing." Good Mr. Lindley experienced a virtuous sense of self-denial little domestic tyrant. Such children are not as he spoke these words. I wonder if he would have embraced the prospect of eating heavy rolls or drinking muddy coffee, "for his child's sake." Happily, there was no danger of his faith being put to so hard a trial; for his wife was versed in the whole art and mystery of

housekeeping.
"No, Carry," he said, after a few minutes of reflection, "it won't do-you are not very strong-we must keep Calista. It is so much more respectable to have a tidy woman-servant than an ignorant little girl. As for the money, we shall manage in some way or other. I doubt

The two friends went together to H-Seminary. Grace was soon conspicuous in her new sphere; her industry and aptitude in learning made her a favorite with the teachers; her good nature and vivacity endeared her Caroline would have been quite satisfied to see her daughter growing up with such acquire-ments as she possessed—a good understanding of arithmetic and English grammar, sufficient skill in music to play and sing agreeably, and a familiar to the pupils. She was imperious among the girls, it is true; she queened it over them right royally; but, in every school there is one who stands at the head; and she took the position of arithmetic and English grammar, sufficient so naturally that nobody thought of question.

To rid the world of literary dummics—As officers to carry into force
The famous "higher law" against the runder of a some old Egyptians, whose resource of livelihood was making ugly mummics.

But these were hated so by every neighbor, and in the pupils.

Lindley; something did turn up, as he so hopefully anticipated. Business improved, his income was largely augmented; then, his party coming into power, he was appointed to a lu-crative office—after that, he was elected to Congress. He removed to a larger and handsomer house, and furnished it in a style quite superior to anything in which he had before indulged; Calista was retained in the establish ment, with one or two subordinates under her control. The Hon. Edward Lindley, the talented member for Kings, could well afford to smile at the recollection of the time when he

seriously considered his wife's proposition of doing the family work, in order to save the money for Grace's school-bills! In all their prosperity, and the honor and distinction consequent upon it nothing rejoiced the fond parents as did their child's success. Fanny Allward was warmly attached to her, and wrote home glowing accounts of her scholto in his ideal. But how was that ideal to be realized? How was he, with his limited means, to give his child the opportunity for throughout the village. Grace's "compositions" were generally in poetry, and were often real-

from one so distinguished was enough; the praise of the press at large followed, of course. The poem was everywhere copied, and everywhere accompanied by admiring comments. The name of "Beatrice" became almost as widely known as that of Mr. —— himself, and Grace was thus, by a single effort, raised to a place among the gifted of her native land. So, in a whirl of excitement, triumph, and admiration, her school-days ended, and she

came back to her expecting parents. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE UNLOVED CHILD. A RHYMED ROMANCE.

BY MRS. ELLEN T. H. PUTNAM. PART SECOND-Continued.

XXXVI. I am not rich, but I've a good profession, Which will, I'm hoping, prove quite lucrative,

And already have I in possession, By my own industry, the means to live; For I don't think (excuse the strange digression) That love alone a livelihood will give:

If I should wed your daughter, I will ever To use her kindly earnestly endeavor. XXXVII. And now that I my hopes have briefly stated Please candidly reply to me anon.

so, if to disappointment I am fated, I can be hence, with my great sorrow gone If otherwise, not vainly have I waited For such a gift of an elected one: Meanwhile, dear sir, present my suit, in bond Fide, to the well-beloved Verona.'

Verona!" screamed Minerva, as be ended Papa, it cannot be! you have mistaken! It is her name," said he; "but thus offended Was never, then, his love for me intended? She added: "and am I now forsaken For one so much inferior to me In all things, ever since her infancy ?"

Hush!" said her father, "we will think apace Perchance I can employ my old finessing. To change the course of winning in this race. 'O' do, papa," said she, for 'tis distressing To think Verona should usurp my place!" "I will destroy this letter, then, my blessing, For we must not to any other show it : As for his love, Verona shall not know it."

Good!" said Minerva, showing her delight; But how shall Branning rightly be composed An answer for Verona I will write," The father said-"that she is indisposed : (Then we'll contrive to keep her from his sight: And I will add, that she is not disposed To favor him, having a predilection For one who has professed to her affection

And then I'll hint that I have yet another, Worthier far his heart and hand to share-That she's the love of father and of mother-Is ever amiable and debonair To whom is quite inferior the other:

And in this way I'll manage the affair Now, pray observe, Minerva, quite as well I Do those things, as could a Machiavelli.

Twas even done; and next was heard amain That Branning had departed from the city. Which news made many ladies much complain For him to leave, they said, was such a pity While the inferior people must remain-He was so brilliant, so unique and witty The gentlemen regretted too, and half The papers gave the fact a paragraph.

'He's gone!" Verona said within her heart,

And I. alas! shall see him never more! Tis thus in this brief, changing life we part With all things we have ever loved before; And yet it cannot be 'tis so-I start ! For he is here in memory as of yore; I see his face that always smiled on me I hear his voice which was a melody.

I see the curls that shaded his high brow Fair knots of love so beautiful and flowing I'll limn their picture on my memory now, Which shall be ever there in beauty glowing And at the altar I will breathe a yow To pray for him, wherever he is going; Great God! it cannot be that I transgress. If in my prayers I ask his happiness

Through all my life I shall remember him. For he first pitied me when others laughed It was a golden bowl filled to the brim, From which a single holy drop I quaffed Again my lips have fondly touched the rim, Which was the sweeter, but the final draught The memory brings forth tears, as Sion's daughter Wept beside the Babylonian waters.

Tears ' tears ' they drop from out my seething brai Like falling stars upon a molten sea Bringing their freight of agony and pain, And words-' Ah! wo is me! Ah! wo is me Poace dissolving soul! there is a blest refrain-O. God! lovest thou me? lovest thou me? Thou dost-I hear the angels sing above, · Holy! Holy! Holy! art thou, God of Love END OF PART SECOND.

PART THIRD.

And doubtless true, as I have proved through life Tis said by those who make analysis Of all these things, with a hair-splitting knife, That we are blinded all by prejudice, Except, of course, the critics, who love strife, And love to make one feel he's quite de trop,

But critics are essential now, of course, To rid the world of literary dummies-The famous "higher law" against the rummies skill in music to play and sing agreeably, and a familiarity with books that should enable ing her right to it.

Meanwhile the world prospered with Mr. They had to fly when they had done their labor.

Those people who observe and talk and quirk, And with their slander characters embalm Are not esteemed much better for their work. Although 'twould seem it has a secret charm . For they invariably are seen to smirk The most when they accomplish greatest harm ; But when the wise become a social clog.

If thou art wise among wise men, can'st thou Paint Death-the picture of the awful king? Ah! would I had the mighty gift e'en now; For o'er Verona's home, his blackened wing Vas spread like a deep pall, while stricken bow All hearts around the father, and they fling Their tender cares like incense o'er his bed, And all refuse now to be comforted.

They should be "turned out of the synagogue.

He died as mankind do most often die-As he had lived; but whether Lucifer r Gabriel claimed his spirit, is beyond my Province to inquire; but there was great stir among the members of his femily; He also had a warm biographer. Who wrote his virtues out into a column Which was most flattering, and very solemu

The secret of the general tribulation Was not so much for wondrous love, I fear, as money, which oft begets expectation, And at the funeral, many a tear; For the deceased filled an important station, And was a very wealthy mortal here; So many hoped, as he had left a will, That they were mentioned in a codicil.

But when the will was openly declared, It was a wonder, as the Psalmist said, To many; and some, who ill had fared Almost despised the memory of the dead, And whether he was happy, little cared ; Then in their usual ways they rudely sped I've thought, betimes, a man's last testament Was Satan's very best embodiment.

For wills have caused more wee and aggravation, More tears, heart-achings, cruel words, and curses, And also more protracted litigation. Than all was worth in all the dead men's purses To write an essay in their condemnation, Howe'er, is not the object of these verses I'll only add, via parenthesis, That , bad will is the wrong road to bliss.

The goodly heritage " ich was possest In point, was give a nost unequally. The sons received much more than all the rest-A custom which seems prevalent to be But 'tis a strange, unnatural behest, The justice of which I could never see For man's greater ability and sense Give him more means to get a competence.

Chief of the lands unto the eldest son Was given, which was a dangerous knowledge To greet the cars of one like Clarendon. Who was a giddy fellow, yet in college, And seemed disposed a reckless race to run; But this, of course, would greatly turn the edge Now he was rich, and freed from all restriction

The youngest also had a generous share Of the estate, not yet to manhood come But, like a greedy lion in his lair, Couchant he kept himself within his home Prepared to seize the first who entered there, If they required from him the smallest sum He was a tyrant from his cradle bred, And of the household now assumed the head

"Unto my eldest daughter," ran the will. "The wife of E. F. Skip, I give one dollar, Which is her entire portion. will or nill; And if my wife or children shall recall her Home, e'on the humblest service to fulfil, In future time, whatever shall befal her, Or if to her they give a single profit, All their share in my estate they forfeit."

Minerva's portion was a handsome one; But to Verona was a tract of land, Both waste and poor, and quite suburban-And this was all she had at her command There was unto Minerva's a provision, That she should give Verona's living, and In all things should be careful to direct her As a kind of custom-house inspector.

The mother had her thirds during her life So long, this instrument eccentric said, As she remained his mourning, widowed wife But if (alas') hereafter she should wed, The property with which she then was rife Should all without reserve be forfeited. Twas said she had a heart paralysis. When she first learned her husband's avarice

Some people talked vehemently and long About the gross injustice of the way Of giving that which to Vorona should belong Unto her sister's option to purvoy. Verona keenly felt herself the wrong But was not heard to murmur or to say That this, like all her sufferings, was not well,

Or that she should against the thing rebel. But when Minerva came to know her power Dark thoughts of hate grew wildly in her heart And then the unloved sister felt each hour

New wounds, from which there was unceasi Within the dust, like some lone, trampled flower, She lived from all life's loveliness apart. By whom to her could comfort now be given With the reviving rains of summer heaven?

There was her pastor, a pure man of God In spirit and in name, who ever wore His people on his heart, with an ephod. As wore the sacerdotal men of yore; But theirs was set with gems; his was a rod

That blossomed flowers of peace, good-will, more

Like those which bloomed upon the rod of Aaron, And all were slips from off the Rose of Sharon.

To him she sought for counsel in her woe For now all hearts bound by a kindred tie Were turned against her, as a streamlet's flow Dashes with a remorseless sound awry Some solitary lily's breast of snow, Whose face is upturned prayerful to the sky 'I must away," with many tears, she said. Henceforth I'll labor for my daily bread,

Far from this place I have a worthy friend. With children two "-the pastor thus replied She has just written, asking me to send A lady-teacher, who, well qualified, Has a deportment I can recommend As truthful, courteous, and dignified She adds. 'If such an one be found for me, In all things as a daughter shall she be.

To her, if you shall choose, my friend bereaved, Can you depart, with my unceasing prayer, That with the thorns, fair flowers may be inwreath Beside your daily path of love and care; And that the ill o'er which you long have grieved May be by God forgiven; and O! child, whate's Through all your life may be your chosen way, Remember more than all things else to pray

"You weep! but He who all his children keepeth As in the sacred hollow of his palm-The Shepherd of his flock, who never sleepeth-Has written in a tlessed, holy psalm,

That he who goeth forth and weepeth, Bearing precious seed, will be preserved from harm And doubtless shall, rejoicing, come again, Bearing his ripened sheaves of golden grain.

XXII

To leave her childhood's home was no light thing-The household gods, familiar, lo! these years! Her pictures; and her harp, whose every string Had often shed its melody with tears: Her books, which like the prophet's mantle fling A memory o'er her soul, of their ideas;

Her birds, which looked with their bright eyes on her Her potted kitten, with its loving purr

XXIII. Her flowers, whose velvet leaves folded her gloom, With fragrance that within her heart would lay As in some drawer the delicate perfume The sunshine that fell in with genial ray.

Seemed like a light which penetrates the tomb Her dear, sparse gifts-a box, a Psyche, a fay, Were each impearled with tears; her escritoire She closed, then left forever her boudoir.

As rhe out-passed down through the silent hall, The statues seemed to weep within their niches; My dear, old friends " she said, and kissed them att. Then paused to count a few odd-looking stitches Of the embroidered picture on the wall-Just as in childhood, when she thought the witches

Ghosts, hobgoblins, cupids, and the cunning elves, Had wrought out there a portrait of themselves. The plants that round without, in richness grew

The fountains in the sunbeans wildly playing The grand old trees along the avenue, The watch dogs who about the lawn were straying-To all these loved, she breathed a sad adieu, Then rode away, to God her father praying Now I'm alone, by all my friends forgot, God of the fatherless ! forsake me not.

Anon her lines in pleasant places fall, Where hearts embrace her with their new-born l But as is writ in " Mon-da-min," the thrall Of trial reigns, " by toil the soul must prove Its steadfast purpose master over all, Before their wings in pomp of coming move. Her life was toil, but greater than the whole Was it to rightly govern her own soul.

She was not perfect, and each day new brought Its sin, to be crushed out with humbled will While she with faithfulness her pupils taught, She was herself the merest pupil still To Him alone who, with all wisdom fraught, Can thirsting hearts with living waters, fill, That shall out-gush with perfect fullness rife, And upward flow to everlasting life.

XXVIII. But with the cross there came the victor's crown, A laurel wreath, inwove with pure white flowers The emblem of her new, well-earned renown, The insignia of her late acknowledged powers (For, reader, now aside let it be known, Our heroine had spent her leisure hours Of freedom, quiet, and rare happiness, In writing able papers for the press.)

XXIX. And so, by a well-chosen pseudonyme, Her thoughts like rills had run throughout the land, Flowed in a volume, a united band. The critics deigned before the world to deem The work a master one, and nobly planned And readers for and wide will over bless

In all the varied works which came from her, There was no dullness, no inanity Of thought, and never did her pen refer To self, with natural female vanity A genial vein, like that of Whittier, (So justly styled "the poet of humanity.") Through all her thoughts like gold of Ophir ran. Which is-respect for every honest man.

The writings of the charming authoress

God bless her!" said the man of lowly birth, " My heart is better now than ere I read." God bless her " breathed the aged, " here is wort. From which my weary soul is richly fed." God bless her ' eried the handless one of earth. "Herein my heart is truly comforted." Of greater wealth was she not then possessor, Than all her kindred, in that same " God bless her ?

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT. DEMOCRACY OF SCIENCE-NO. 20.

BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK. No established operations in human society make so small returns for outlays, in time money, and effort, as school systems. The reason is plain. They place the water-wheel over the stream, requiring the water to be beat upon the wheel before it moves—with the slight in-convenience to the teacher, that when he stops beating, the wheel stops moving. The simple fact is, that school systems do violence to the fact is, that school systems do violence to the unchangeable and glorious laws of our Creator. rendering penalties in some form inevitable.

Abortion, or fruitless effort, is a common penalty of disobedience to the Divine law, in the training of young muscle, mind, and soul. Rowdysm is another, and at this time, in this country, a severe and a threatening penalty. It is a fixed and almost universal law of our Creator, that strength is the result of exercise not only in muscle, mind, and soul, but ever in the vegetable creation. An oak, buffeted by the storms of a hundred winters, is a stronger,

more durable oak than one sheltered from winds, rains, and snows.

It is a self-evident truth, that for training up children in the way they should go, all the faculties with which their Creator has endowed them so bountifully and wisely must be brought into exercise, and exercised in connection with each other, directing the whole of this combined exercise to the high and holy purposes of their creation. The harmonious exercise of all the human faculties, applied to the divine purposes of human existence, is so plainly implied in training up children in the

plainly implied in training up children in the
way they should go, as not to permit a doubt
in the mind of any rational being.

It is equally evident, that school systems prevent this general and harmonious exercise of
muscle, mind, and soul, and that their very partial, meager exercise is not directed, at best very poorly directed, to the exalted purposes of human existence. A little five-year-old girl, on being asked what she did at school, replied promptly, correctly, and graphically, "I say A and B, and sit on a bench." Those doubting the positions above taken, may explain in their own way how a "sitting-on-a-bench" system can train vigorously, harmoniously, the greatly varied human faculties; and especially, apply those faculties to the purposes of their

Knowing, producing, reciprocating, are the three great purposes of human existence. To know, to produce, and to reciprocate, are desires deeply implanted in the human soul. The gratification of these desires is human happi-ness. It is hence a simple truth, that institu-tions expressly designed for the formation of

so ardent in every young mind. As words, the signs of ideas, are acquired only by their con-nection with the ideas they represent, attempts at learning words by mere repetition must also prove abortive; they do prove abortive. They are worse than abortive; they do lasting and irreparable injury to the inherent character of mind—blunt its desire of knowing.

Producing, still more than knowing, if possible, is prevented by school systems. What their immense productions. But this is not the can be produced by muscle, however powerful worst: she could also destroy the commerce by

mitting the active young being possessing it to look at a book—not for knowledge, but the signs of knowledge, and those signs not learnt, from the absence of the ideas connected with

Thanks be to public sentiment, to common sense, and to humanity, that such inroads are already made upon this anti-knowing, antiproducing system, as to insure an entire and radical change, by making it both knowing and producing. Black boards have very ex-tensively taken the place of books, changing the "sitting-on-a-bench" system into muscular producing exercises, alike to the relief, the en-tertainment, and the instruction of the pupil. Drawing, another producing exercise, in many schools is not only permitted but provided for every pupil the first day he enters school. Connected with drawing multiplied objects of na-ture and art, collections of natural history come in very opportunely. In some places,

every school and every family is provided by the hands of their members with specimens of nature and art. To an extent which few are aware of, pupils can prepare their own instru-ments of instruction, gratifying in the highest degree the desire both of knowing and produeing—knowing by producing.

The desire of reciprocating, early and

strongly manifesting itself as deeply planted in the human soul, is both prevented and crushed by school systems. An anti-producing system must almost, of course, be non-reciprocating, as it furnishes nothing to reciprocate in. This principle of exclusiveness, hitherto a prominent feature in schools, with that of anti-producing, is rapidly yielding to the more politic and more noble principle of reciprocaon. Indeed, enlightened, generous reciprocation, exhibited in a "world's FAIR," "FAIRS" all over the world, and in great multitudes of nameless forms, is perhaps the strongest, cer-tainly the most dignified and elevated, feature of the present age. No fairs which have been or can be instituted are so richly fraught with pleasure, knowledge, production, or reciprocation, as "scholars' fairs." They are now in extensive operation, and at no distant day must form a prominent part, and probably the ed through the entire country, all concentrabe helped by all the rest.

HISTORY OF THE PROPOSITION BY THE LAST ADMINISTRATION TO THE GOVERNMENT OF SPAIN FOR THE PURCHASE OF CUBA

OFFICIAL PAPERS Transmitted to Congress at its last Session, ir. reply to a call for them by the House of Rep-

MESSAGE OF THE PRESIDENT. To the House of Representatives:

In answer to the resolution of the House of Representatives, requesting information relative to the policy of the Government in regard to the island of Cuba, I transmit a report from | The author proceeds: "If we compare this exthe Department of State, and the documents | tent with the remaining vast area of the fertile by which it was accomponied. MILLARD FILLMORE.

Washington, July 13, 1852.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, July 14, 1852. On the 4th of February last, a resolution of the House of Representatives, in the following words, was referred to this Department:

Resolved. That the President of the United States be requested to communicate to this House, if not incompatible with the public interests, all instructions from the Department of State to the diplomatic agents of the United States abroad, not heretofore communicated to Congress, declaratory of, or relating to, the policy of the Government of the United States

in relation to the island of Cuba." The papers mentioned in the subjoined lis are accordingly respectfully submitted. W. HUNTER, Acting Secretary

To the President of the United States. List of Papers accompanying the above Letter Mr. Forsyth to Mr. Adams, extracts, Nov

20. 1822 The same to the same, extract, Dec. 13, 1822 Mr. Adams to Mr. Forsyth, extract, Dec Mr. Forsyth to Mr. Adams, extract, Febru

ary 10, 1823. Mr. Adams to Mr. Nelson, extract, April 28

Mr. Appleton to Mr. Adams, extract, Aug . 1823. The same to the same, extract, July 10, 1823.

Mr. Nelson to Mr. Clay, extract, July 10 Mr Clay to Mr. Everett, extract, April 27 The same to the same, extract, April 13

Mr. Everett to Mr. Clay, with enclosure August 17, 1827.
The same to the same, extract, December 12

Mr. Van Buren to Mr. Van Ness, extrac October 2, 1829. The same to the same, extract, October 13

Mr. Van Ness to Mr. Forsyth, extract, Aug The same to the same, extract, December 10. Mr. Stevenson to Mr. Forsyth, June 16, 1837.

Mr. Eaton to Mr. Forsyth, extract, August 0, 1837. Mr. Forsyth to Mr. Vail, extract, July 15 1840. Mr. Webster to Mr. Irving, extract, January

17, 1843. The same to the same, extract, March 14, 1843. Mr. Upshur to Mr. Irving, extract, January

Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Saunders, extract February 4, 1847. The same to the same, extract, June 17, 1848 Mr. Saunders to Mr. Buchanan, extract, uly 29, 1848.

The same to the same, August 18, 1848. The same to the same, November 17, 1848. The same to the same, extract, Dec., 1848. Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Saunders - [Extract.]

No. 21 | DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, June 17, 1848 SIR: By direction of the President, I now all your attention to the present condition and future prospects of Cuba. The fate of this island must ever be deeply interesting to the people of the United States. We are content that it shall continue to be a colony of Spain. Whilst in her possession, we have nothing to apprehend. Besides, we are bound to her by the ties of ancient friendship, and we sincerely

But we never can consent that this island shall become a colony of any other European Power. In the possession of Great Britain, or any strong naval Power, it might prove ruinous both to our domestic and foreign commerce and even endanger the Union of the States. The highest and first duty of every independent character, and a preparation for future voca-tions, should aim especially to provide for the harmonious exercise of all the faculties, directpelled to resist the acquisition of Cuba by any powerful maritime State, with all the means ing all to the purposes of our existence—knowing producing, reciprocating.

As words are the signs of ideas, not ideas themselves, and books the instruments, not the

desire to render these perpetual.

fountains of knowledge, mere book lessons do not and cannot gratify that desire of knowing, capacious, and impregnably-fortified harbor of the Havana. If this island were under the dominion of Great Britain, she could command both the inlets to the Gulf of Mexico. She would thus be enabled, in time of war, effect-ively to blockade the mouth of the Mississippi, and to deprive all the Western States of this Union, as well as those within the Gulf, teeming as they are with an industrious and enterprising population, of a foreign market for their immense productions. But this is not the

and eager for action, while the principal virtue sea between our ports on the Gulf and our Atof that muscle is to "keep still ?"-barely per. lantic ports, a commerce of nearly as great a value as the whole of our foreign trade. Is there any reason to believe that Great Britain desires to acquire the island of Cuba? We know that it has been her uniform policy throughout her past history, to seize upon every valuable commercial point throughout the world, whenever circumstances have placed this in her power. And what point so valuable

as the island of Cuba? The United States are the chief commercial rival of Great Britain; our tonnage at the present moment is nearly equal to hers, and it will be greater, within a brief period, if nothing should occur to arrest our progress. Of what vast importance would it, then, be to her to obtain the possession of an island from which she could at any time destroy a very large portion both of our foreign and coasting trade Besides, she well knows that if Cuba were in our possession, her West India islands would be rendered comparatively valueless. From the extent and fertility of this island, and from the energy and industry of our people, we should soon be able to supply the markets of

the world with tropical productions, at a cheap-er rate than these could be raised in any of her possessions.

But let me present another view of the subject. If Cuba were annexed to the United States, we should not only be relieved from the apprehensions which we can never cease to feel for our own safety and the security of our commerce, whilst it shall remain in its present condition; but human foresight cannot anticipate the beneficial consequences which would result to every portion of our Union.

This can never become a local question
With suitable fortification at the Tortugas, and
in possession of the strongly-fortified harbor of
Havana as a naval station on the opposite coast of Cuba, we could command the outlet of the Gulf of Mexico, between the peninsula of Florida and that island. This would afford ample security both to the foreign and coasting trade of the Western and Southern States, which seek a market for their surplus productions through the perts on the Gulf.

2. Under the Government of the United

States, Cuba would become the richest and soul, of school systems. These, when connect. most fertile island, of the same extent, throughout the world. According to McGregor's Commercial Regulations and his Commercial Stating at our national metropolis, will enable and description and his Commercial States of the hundred thousand American schools, also of the six millions of families, to help and thirty-two English acres of land which compose the whole territory, 38.276 were under sagar,

coffee, tobacco, garden, and fruit cultivation, and 9,734 in grazing lands and in unfelled woods, belonging to sugar and coffee estates." It thus appears that in 1830 less than one-twelfth of the whole island was under cultivation. The same author says: "We have no accounts of the present extent of cultivation in Cuba; but by comparing the value of experiable produce n 1830 with that of 1842, and by various estimates, we consider it probable that the lands under sugar, coffee, tobacco, and gardens, may fairly be estimated at 54,000 caballeras, or 1,728,000 acres. According to this estimate, between one-eighth and one-ninth only of the whole island was under cultivation in 1842. soils of Cuba which are still uncultivated, and the produce which the whole island at present yields, it can scarcely be an exaggeration to say that Europe might draw as much coffee and sugar from Cuba alone, as the quantity aggregate population of Cuba, in the year 1841, to have been only 1,007.624; but from the data which have just been presented, it may fairly taining in comfort a population of ten millions of inhabitants. Were Cuba a portion of the United States, it would be difficult to estimate the amount of breadstuffs, rice, cotton, and other agricultural as well as manufacturing and mechanical productions; of lumber, of the produce of our fisheries, and of other articles. which would find a market in that island, in exchange for their coffee, sugar, tobacco, and other productions. This would go on increas-ing with the increase of its population and the

development of its resources, and all portions of the Union would be benefited by the trade. Desirable, however, as the possession of this island may be to the United States, we would not acquire it except by the free will of Spain Any acquisition not sanctioned by justice and honor would be too dearly purchased. While such is the determination of the President, it is supposed that the present relations between Cuba and Spain might incline the Spanish Government to cede the island to the United States, upon the payment of a fair and full consideration. We have received information from various sources, both official and unofficial, that among the Creoles of Cuba there has long existed a deep-rooted hostility to Spanish dominion. The revolutions which are rapidly succeeding each other throughout the world have aspired the Cubans with an ardent and irreressible desire to achieve their independence. ndeed, we are informed by the Consul of the United States at the Havana that "there appears every probability that the island will soon be in a state of civil war." He also states that "efforts are now being made to raise money for that purpose in the United States, and there will be attempts to induce a few of the volun-teer regiments now in Mexico to obtain their

discharge and join the revolution."

I need scarcely inform you that the Government of the United States has had no agency

whatever in exciting the spirit of disaffection among the Cubans. Very far from it. A short time after we received this information from our Consul, I addressed a despatch to him, of which I transmit you a copy, dated on the 9th instant, from which you will perceive that I have warned him to keep a watchful guard both upon his words and actions, so as to avoid even the least suspicion that he had encouraged the Cubans to rise in insurrection against the Spanish Government. I stated also that the elations between Spain and the United States had long been of the most friendly character, and both honor and duty required that we should take no part in the struggle which he seemed to think was impending. I informed him that it would certainly become the duty of this Government to use all proper means to prevent any of our volunteer regiments now in Mexico from violating the neutrality of the country by joining in the proposed civil war of the Cubans against Spain. Since the date of my despatch to him, this duty has been per-formed. The Secretary of War, by command of the President, on the day following, (June 10.) addressed an order to our commanding general in Mexico, and also to the officer hav-ing charge of the embarkation of our troops at Vera Cruz, (of which I transmit you a copy.) directing each of them to use all proper measures to counteract any such plan, if one should be on foot, and instructing them "to give orders that the transports on which the troops may embark proceed directly to the United States, and in no event to touch at any place in Cuba. The Consul, in his despatch to me, also stated that, if the revolution is attempted and suc-ceeds, immediate application would be made to the United States for annexation; but he did not seem to think that it would be successful. and probably would not be undertaken with-out the aid of American troops. To this por-tion of the despatch I replied—knowing the ardent desire of the Cubans to be annexed to our Union-that I thought it would not be "difficult to predict that an unsuccessful rising would delay, if it should not defeat, the annex-ation of the island to the United States," and I assured him that the aid of our volunteer

troops could not be obtained. Thus you will perceive with what scrupulous fidelity we have performed the duties of neu-trality and friendship towards Spain. It is our anxious hope that a rising may not be attempted in Cuba; but if this should unfortunately occur, the Government of the United States will have performed their whole duty towards a

friendly Power.
Should the Government of Spain feel disposed to part with the island of Cuba, the ques-tion, what should we offer for it? would then SEE FOURTH PAGE